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THE

Lincoln Centenary

FEBRUARY TWELFTH

1809



1909

And Other 1909 Anniversaries

FOR THE SCHOOLS OF WEST VIRGINIA.

STATE OF
WEST VIRGINIA
DEPARTMENT OF SCHOOLS

PROGRAM

FOR

LINCOLN DAY

AND SUGGESTIONS FOR THE

OBSERVANCE OF THE BIRTHDAYS OF OTHER

EMINENT MEN.

PREPARED BY THOS. C. MILLER,
STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS.

CHARLESTON;
TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY
1909.

U.S. Malaria



Introductory Note.

While this pamphlet is issued with special reference to the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth, in the schools of West Virginia, I have included in it some brief sketches and references to other of the world's benefactors whose centenary also occurs this year. It is noticeable that a number of those who have been great leaders of thought and action were born in 1809. In this list appear the names of Lincoln, Gladstone, Darwin, Tennyson, Holmes, Poe, Chopin, Mendelssohn, all of whom in one way or other have added to the record of great achievements. Of course we will give prominence to the celebration of Lincoln's birthday on February twelfth, but it will not be out of place, as other birthdays occur within the year, to note the life and character of these men who have contributed to the art, the science, the history, and the literature of the world. In addition to those whose hundredth anniversary occurs this year, some other noted Americans whose birthdays occur in February, are included in this list, as Washington, Longfellow, and James Russell Lowell. If, as has been said, the way to learn the history of the world is by reading the biographies of great men, our schools certainly have an excellent opportunity this year for studying the life and character of some of the world's most eminent men.

This is the last publication that will be issued from this Department under my administration, and I am pleased to spend these closing days of my term in calling the attention of the youth of the State to those who have made the world better by their high ideals, their lofty patriotism, their unblemished character, and their sublime devotion to duty.

Very respectfully,



State Superintendent of Free Schools.

Charleston, Jan. 11, 1909.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

DATES OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS.

George Washington	Feb. 22, 1732,	Dec. 14, 1799.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	Feb. 27, 1807,	Mar. 24, 1882.
Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy	Feb. 3, 1809,	Nov. 4, 1847.
Abraham Lincoln	Feb. 12, 1809,	Apr. 15, 1865.
Charles Darwin	Feb. 12, 1809,	Apr. 19, 1882.
Edgar Allan Poe	Jan. 19, 1809,	Oct. 7, 1849.
Frederick Francois Chopin	Mar. 1, 1809,	Oct. 17, 1849.
Alfred Tennyson	Aug. 6, 1809,	Oct. 6, 1892.
Oliver Wendell Holmes	Aug. 29, 1809,	Oct. 7, 1894.
William Ewart Gladstone	Dec. 29, 1809,	May 19, 1898.
James Russell Lowell	Feb. 22, 1818,	Aug. 12, 1891.

MATERIAL FOR BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCES.

While in many places teachers will have abundance of material for Lincoln Day, and for the celebration of the other birthdays named in this program, yet there may be some in country districts that will not have ready at hand just such sketches and outlines as they desire to supplement what they find in this pamphlet. I therefore note below sources from which material may be obtained. Of course histories, biographies and cyclopedias will contain much that is suited, but for brief sketches any of the following publications will be found most useful.

Lincoln Centenary Program, O. H. Oldroyd, Washington, D. C.

Lincoln Day Program, Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

The price of each of the above is 10c a copy with a discount for large orders.

Exercises for Lincoln's Birthday, Educational Pub. Co., New York.

Lincoln Centennial, Educational Publishing Co., New York.

Lincoln Day Entertainments, A. Flanagan Co., Chicago.

Little Classic Series, A. Flanagan Co., Chicago.

Lincoln Selections, The Hollenbeck Press, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Carl Schurz Lincoln, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Riverside Series No. 28, Extra A. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Abraham Lincoln, American Book Company, Cincinnati.

Four Great Americans, American Book Company, Cincinnati.

Acknowledgment is hereby made to the following named publications, persons and firms for courtesies extended in allowing the use of cuts and material found in this pamphlet: The World's Work; The Outlook; State Superintendent Draper of New York; Capt. O. H. Oldroyd, Washington, D. C.; A. Flanagan Co., Chicago; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; The Lincoln Educational League, New York City; National Art Supply Co., Chicago; Silver, Burdett & Co., New York. Youth's Companion, Boston, and the World's Chronicle, Chicago.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Song America.

Invocation.

Lincoln's Boyhood, short essay by a girl.

Brief biographical sketch, by a boy.

Lincoln as President, by a more advanced pupil.

Selected Lincoln Anecdotes by a number of pupils.

Sayings of Lincoln, by all the pupils.

Gettysburg Address, by a boy.

Reading, "How they Sang the Star Spangled Banner at Lincoln's Inaugural," by a girl.

Our National Air, The Star Spangled Banner.

Salute to the Flag.

Recitation, "Your Mission."

Extracts from the Second Inaugural.

Reading of the letter to Mrs. Bixby, by a girl.

What Presidents have said of Lincoln.

Recitation, O Captain! My Captain! by three girls.

Recitation, The Death of Lincoln.

Address, Lessons from the life of Lincoln, by a speaker chosen for the occasion.

Song, Battle Hymn of the Republic.

SUGGESTIONS.

Plan well beforehand.

By all means have a flag for the occasion.

Ask some good speaker to make a short address,

Friday afternoon would seem to be the most appropriate time for the exercises.

A good portrait of Lincoln should be placed on the wall back of the platform.

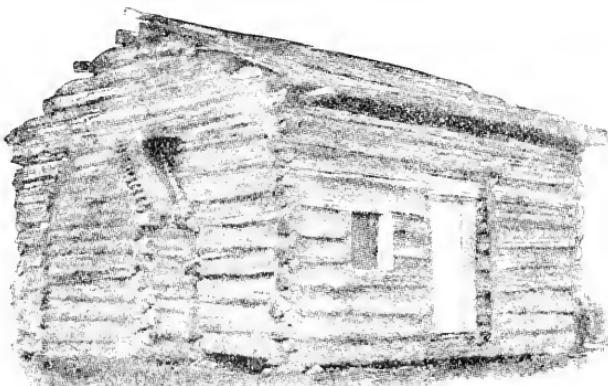
If possible schools should purchase a bust of Lincoln, or the Gettysburg Address in bronze. This may be done at a later period.

Practice the songs that are to be sung, and secure an organ or a piano if possible.

Make preparation for visitors and by all means extend a special invitation to the patrons of your school.

The exercises should result in putting into the school libraries additional books on Lincoln's life and character, and in placing his portrait neatly framed on the walls of our school rooms.

This program is only a suggestion. Many teachers will be able to prepare one better suited to the pupils under their charge.



LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE

LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD DAYS.

The home of Lincoln's boyhood days was a log cabin and he was almost a young man before he knew any home more comfortable than one made of logs.

On February 12, 1809, he was born in one of these rough cabins. There was but one room, one door and no windows, and out on that little clearing in Kentucky Lincoln spent the first seven years of his life. With the wind, rain and snow beating into the room through the cracks between the logs, Lincoln's mother told him all she knew of the Bible, fairy tales and old legends.

When Lincoln was seven years old the family moved to Indiana. Lincoln now began the work of building a new home, of clearing away the forests and of preparing fields for grain. Then there were chairs to be made from rude slabs of wood with holes bored in them for sticks which answered for legs; there was a rude bed to be made and many kitchen utensils, and Lincoln was ever ready to help. What if his shirt was of linsey-woolsey, his trousers of deer-skin and his cap of coon skin? He soon had a man's will and wisdom and accepted his hard work cheerfully.

He was ambitious to learn. "I only went to school by littles," he said later in life; "in all it did not amount to more than a year." Yet no lad ever improved every moment for study as did this boy, whose very longing did more for him perhaps than richer opportunities would have done. When not at work, he was studying. Many hours he spent by the fireplace teaching himself grammar, spelling and arithmetic. A shovel was his slate, a charred stick his pencil, when in the cabin; but often when out in the fields ploughing, he would let the horse rest at the end of a long furrow and Lincoln would then draw from his pocket a piece of

smoothly planed wood; this was his slate and his pencil would be a piece of soapstone or clay.

Lincoln's love for his mother inspired him to do many good deeds, but in 1818 a terrible disease made its appearance in their settlement, and Mrs. Lincoln, weary and worn with the hardships of their life, bade good-by to her little ones, begging Abraham to remember what she had taught him and be a good boy. A coffin was made of lumber, which Mr. Lincoln cut, and under a great sycamore tree Abraham's mother was laid away to rest. There was no minister to speak words of comfort and this grieved Abraham, who knew how his mother loved God. He determined to have a funeral service for her. He knew of a minister who traveled about the country, so he tried to put his thoughts on paper, and at last was satisfied with the letter begging the minister to come and deliver a sermon over her grave.

Many weeks and months passed, but one bright day the minister came. He had ridden one hundred miles on horse-back, forded swollen streams and followed narrow paths through the wilderness to comfort this little nine-year old boy. Friends gathered about the lonely grave, sweet hymns were sung and Lincoln never forgot that day. From that time he determined to be a good and noble man. His mother had taught him to be true and honest and he would always remember her wish.

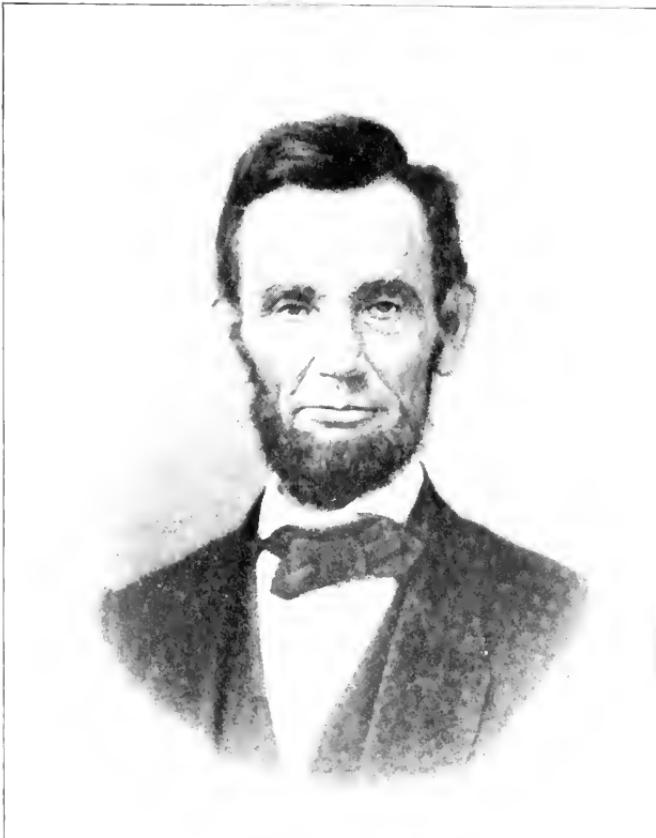
Years afterward, when he became a great man, he said, "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

The books within his reach were few. Best of all was the Bible, that library of sixty-six volumes; then there were "Aesop's Fables," that wise book of character, "Robinson Crusoe," and "Pilgrim's Progress," the English classic. These he read until the last ember went out on the hearth, and read again as soon as the earliest rays of the morning sun lit up the log cabin loft where he slept.

Neighbors of his owned other books and these he borrowed. "He read through every book he had heard of in that country, for a circuit of fifty miles," said one writer. A History of the United States and Weems' "Life of Washington," laid the foundation of his political aspirations and education.

Once Lincoln borrowed of a neighbor Weems' "Life of Washington." He sat up late to read the book, then carefully put it in an opening between two logs of the cabin wall. During the night the rain dripped on it. In the morning Lincoln was distressed to find the precious book stained, but he took it to the owner at once. "I'm sorry," he said, "I want to fix it up with you somehow, if you can tell me any way, for I ain't got the money to pay for it with." The man saw how badly Lincoln felt and he said, "Come over and shuck corn three days and the book's yours." The boy could hardly believe this book was to be his own. He felt as happy as if he had fallen heir to a fortune.

He wished to master the principles of arithmetic but had no money to buy a book. He borrowed a copy of Pike's Arithmetic, and resolved to copy the essential parts of it. He sewed some sheets of paper together with a string, then with a quill pen copied the principal parts of the entire book.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

GETTYSBURG

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract.

The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

November 19, 1863.

H. C. Bowen

LINCOLN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

This is what Abraham Lincoln himself had to say of his own and his family history, in a letter to his friend, the Hon. Jesse W. Fell, of Bloomington, Ill., under date of December 20, 1859—the year preceding his election to the Presidency, and about the time his friends were beginning to think seriously of his nomination:

"I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of distinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams and others in Macon County, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County Virginia, to Kentucky, about 1781 or 1782, where, a year or two later, he was killed by Indians, not in battle but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like.

"My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the State came into the Union (1816). It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so-called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond 'readin', ritin', and 'cipherin' to the Rule of Three. If a straggler, supposed to understand Latin, happened to sojourn in the neighborhood he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came of age, I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the Rule of Three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

"I was raised to farm-work, which I continued until I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois and passed the first year in Macon County. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Sangamon, now in Menard County, Where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk War and I was elected a captain of volunteers—a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went through the campaign, was elated, ran for the Legislature in the same year (1832), and was beaten—the only time I have ever been beaten by the people. The next, and three succeeding biennial elections, I was elected to the Legislature. I was not a candidate afterwards. During this legislative period I had studied law and removed to Springfield to practice it. In 1846 I was once elected to the lower House of Congress, but was not a candidate for reelection. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, practiced law more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics, and

generally on the Whig electoral ticket making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again. What I have done since then is pretty well known.

"If any personal description of me is thought desirable it may be said I am, in height, six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing, on an average, one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair, and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollect.

"Yours truly,

"A. LINCOLN."

SAYINGS OF LINCOLN.

These quotations may be given by pupils in answer to roll call.

1. Always do the very best you can.
2. It is sometimes well to be humble.
3. With public sentiment nothing can fail, without it nothing can succeed.
4. This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it.
5. Gold is good in its place, but living, patriotic men are better than gold.
6. Success does not so much depend on external help as on self reliance.
7. When you have an elephant on hand and he wants to run away, better let him run.
8. The Lord prefers common-looking people. That is why he made so many of them.
9. No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty.
10. It is difficult to make a man miserable while he feels he is worthy of himself and claims kindred to the great God who made him.
11. Let us have that faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.
12. The reasonable man has long since agreed that intemperance is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all evils among mankind.
13. The purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail accurately to predict them in advance.
14. The way for a young man to rise is to improve himself in every way he can, never suspecting that anybody is hindering him.
15. Our government rests in public opinion. Whoever can change public opinion can change the government practically just so much.
16. I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by.
17. Having thus chosen our course, without guile and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God and go forward without fear and with manly hearts.
18. If this country can not be saved without giving up the principle of liberty, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than to surrender it.

19. A clergyman, calling at the White House, in speaking of the war said to the President, "I hope the Lord is on our side." "I am not at all concerned about that," replied Lincoln, "for I know that the Lord is *always* on the side of the *right*. But it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side."

20. It has long been a grave question whether any government, not too strong for the liberties of its people, can be strong enough to maintain its existence in great emergencies.

21. Neither let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, nor frightened from it by menaces of destruction to the government, nor dungeons to ourselves.

22. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave, every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

23. I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have. I must stand with any body that stands right; stand with him while he is right and part with him when he goes wrong.

24. With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nations wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

25. I am not accustomed to the use of language of eulogy; I have never studied the art of paying compliments to women; but I must say, that if all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world in praise of women were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during this war. I will close by saying, God bless the women of America.

During one of the dark periods of the rebellion when unfavorable news had been received from the Union army, a gentleman from Boston who was in Washington called upon Mr. Lincoln. In the conversation Mr. Lincoln spoke of Longfellow's poem, The Building of the Ship, and the comfort the closing stanzas had given him. The President then quoted a line or two, when the visitor began with, "Thou, too sail on, O Ship of State" and repeated the remainder of the poem. The President was deeply moved, the tears streaming down his cheeks, and at the close of the stanza remarked, "It is a wonderful gift to be able to stir men like that."

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

—From Longfellow's "The Building of the Ship."—Courtesy Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

Sometimes Mr. Lincoln visited the soldiers in camp, and on several occasions it was thought he exposed himself unnecessarily; but he shook hands with many a homesick boy and gave encouragement and cheer wherever he went, though his own heart was oftentimes heavy with many cares.



*THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.**

Four-score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this; but, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus for so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great

task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.

The dedication of a part of the battlefield at Gettysburg on November 19th, 1863, as a National Cemetery, was a notable event. On the platform were seated cabinet officers, senators, generals, and prominent citizens from all over the country, while gathered about were soldiers, many of whom had been wounded and maimed in the great conflict there July 1st, 2nd and 3rd. Edward Everett, recognized as the most accomplished speaker of the day, delivered the oration; Thomas H. Stockton, the

*THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS TABLET.—The beautiful bronze tablet of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, 12 by 18½ inches, a cut of which is found on another page, is being placed in many schools and libraries throughout the land. This is a fine piece of work and worthy of a place on the walls of any educational institution or public building. The price of the tablet is \$60.00, but a fund has been provided to be used in furnishing the tablet at one-third this price. Further information as to how it may be secured may be obtained from the address given below. I trust that it will be possible for many schools of the State to place this tablet in their buildings. Address The Lincoln Educational League, 38 E. 21st Street, New York City.

Chaplain of the United States Senate, offered the prayer. Both the oration and the prayer were recognized as worthy of the occasion. When Mr. Lincoln read his brief address there was some disappointment that he had not spoken longer, but Mr. Everett turned to him and said, "Ah, Mr. President, gladly would I exchange my entire hundred pages to have been the author of your twenty lines." This address is now reckoned among the world's great masterpieces and is quoted everywhere as among the most beautiful tributes of the kind ever uttered. I trust the boys and girls of West Virginia will memorize this address and I believe if they do so they will be led to aspire to a higher and nobler manhood and womanhood.

As doubtless but few of our readers, and but comparatively few persons in the United States, have ever seen the prayer made by Thomas H. Stockton on this occasion, I have great pleasure in reproducing it here. Mr. Stockton was at that time Chaplain of the Senate and recognized as one of the most eloquent divines in the United States. His associate pastor in Philadelphia, Rev. Alexander Clark, had learned stenography, and doubtless it is to him we are indebted for recording this memorable utterance.

REV. THOMAS H. STOCKTON'S PRAYER.

At the Dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg.

Thursday, November 19th, 1863.

"O God our Father, for the sake of Thy Son our Saviour, inspire us with Thy Spirit, and sanctify us to the right fulfillment of the duties of this occasion.

We come to dedicate this new historic center as a National Cemetery. If all departments of the one Government which Thou hast ordained over our Union, and of the many Governments which Thou has subordinated to our Union, be here represented; if all classes, relations, and interests of our blended brotherhood of people stand severally and thoroughly apparent in Thy presence; we trust that it is because Thou hast called us, that Thy blessing awaits us, and that Thy designs may be embodied in practical results of incalculable and imperishable good.

And so, with Thy holy Apostle, and with the Church of all lands and ages, we unite in the ascription:—"Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."

In emulation of all angels, in fellowship with all saints, and in sympathy with all sufferers; in remembrance of Thy works, in reverence of Thy ways, and in accordance with Thy word; we laud and magnify Thine infinite perfections, Thy creative glory, Thy redeeming grace, Thy provi-

dential goodness, and the progressively richer and fairer developments of Thy supreme, universal, and everlasting administration.

In behalf of all humanity, whose ideal is divine, whose first memory is Thine image lost, and whose last hope is Thine image restored; and especially of our own nation, whose history has been so favored, whose position is so peerless, whose mission is so sublime, and whose future is so attractive; we thank Thee, for the unspeakable patience of Thy compassion and the exceeding greatness of Thy loving kindness. In contemplation of Eden, Calvary, and Heaven; of Christ in the Garden, on the Cross, and on the Throne; nay, more, of Christ as coming again in all subduing power and glory; we gratefully prolong our homage. By this Altar of Sacrifice, on this Field of Deliverance, on this Mount of Salvation, within the fiery and bloody lines of these "munitions of rocks," looking back to the dark days of fear and trembling, and to the rapture of relief that came after, we multiply our thanksgivings, and confess our obligations to renew and perfect our personal and social consecration to Thy service and glory.

Oh, had it not been for God! For lo! our enemies—they came unresisted, multitudinous, mighty, flushed with victory, and sure of success. They exulted on our mountains, they reveled in our valleys; they feasted, they rested; they slept, they awaked; they grew stronger, prouder, bolder every day; they spread abroad, they concentrated here; they looked beyond this horizon to the stores of wealth, to the haunts of pleasure, and to the seats of power, in our Capital and chief cities. They prepared to cast the chain of Slavery around the form of Freedom, binding life and death together forever. Their premature triumph was the mockery of God and man. One more victory, and all was theirs! But, behind these hills was heard the feebler march of a smaller but still pursuing host. Onward they hurried, day and night, for God and their country. Footsore, way-worn, hungry, thirsty, faint—but not in heart, they came to dare all, to bear all, and to do all, that is possible to heroes. And Thou didst sustain them! At first they met the blast on the plain, and bent before it, like the trees in a storm. But then, led by Thy hand to these hills, they took their stand upon the rocks and remained as firm and immovable as they. In vain were they assaulted. All art, all violence, all desperation, failed to dislodge them. Baffled, bruised, broken, their enemies recoiled, retired, and disappeared. Glory to God, for this rescue! But, Oh, the slain! In the freshness and fullness of their young and manly life; with such sweet memories of father and mother, brother and sister, wife and children, maiden and friends; they died for us. From the coasts beneath the Eastern star, from the shores of Northern lakes and rivers, from the flowers of Western prairies, and from the homes of the Midway, and the Border, they came here to die for us and for mankind. Alas! how little we can do for them! We come with the humility of prayer, with the pathetic eloquence of venerable wisdom, with the tender beauty of poetry, with the plaintive harmony of music, with the honest tribute of our Chief magistrate, and with all this honorable attendance: But our best hope is in Thy blessing. O Lord, our God! O Father, bless us! Bless the bereaved, whether present, or absent; bless our sick and wounded soldiers and

sailors; bless all our rulers and people; bless our army and navy; bless the efforts for the suppression of the rebellion; and bless all the associations of this day, and place, and scene, forever. As the trees are not dead, though their foliage is gone, so our heroes are not dead, though their forms have fallen. The spirit of their example is here. It fills the air; it fills our hearts. And, long as time shall last, it will hover in these skies, and rest on this landscape; and the pilgrims of our own land, and from all lands, will thrill with its inspiration and increase and confirm their devotion to liberty, religion and God.

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

NOTE: There is a tradition in the denomination to which Dr. Stockton belonged that Mr. Lincoln said afterwards that he was never closer to the Divine Presence than he was during the utterance of this prayer, and that from that time on he did not have the least doubt as to the triumph of the Union arms and the perpetuity of the Nation.

LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY.

EXECUTIVE MANSION

Washington, Nov. 21, 1864.

To Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Mass.

Dear madam. I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I can not refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

A. LINCOLN.

The original of the above letter is in the British Museum, an agent, it is said, having paid a large price for it. Competent literary critics say it is one of the finest specimens in English literature for conciseness, breadth of statement, and delicate expression of sympathy and appreciation.

LINCOLN'S MAGNANIMITY.

Upon the second day of the decisive battle of Gettysburg President Lincoln wrote an official order as Commander in Chief to General Meade,



SAIN'T GAUDEN'S STATUE OF LINCOLN, LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO.

How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!

Lowell's "Commemoration Ode".

Executive Mansion
Washington, Nov 21, 1864

to Mrs Bixby, Boston, Mass,

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Yours very sincerely and respectfully
A. Lincoln

the Union commander, directing him to intercept Lee's retreat and give him another battle. The general had been in command of the army but five or six days, and as his predecessors had been much criticised for failures, the President knew he would be cautious about risking a battle after having gained one. He sent the order by a special messenger, with a private note saying that this seemed to him to be the thing to do, but that he would leave it to the ultimate decision of the military commander on the ground. The official order was not a matter of record, and he said need not be. If Meade would undertake the movement, and it was successful, he need say nothing about it. If it failed, he could publish the order immediately. In other words: "Go ahead. Make an heroic attempt to annihilate that army in its disheartened state and before it can recross the river. If the attempt succeeds, you take the glory of it; and if it fails I will take the responsibility of it."

LINCOLN'S RELIGION.

Lincoln's religion was peculiarly his own. He did not belong to any church but he had a firm faith and belief in God. In the canvass of 1860, he was greatly pained by the canvass of the voters in Springfield which showed that of the twenty clergymen in the city all but three were against him. In speaking of this to Hon. Newton Bateman, then Superintendent of Schools in Illinois, Lincoln said:

I know there is a God and that he hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming and I know His hand is in it. If He has a place and work for me, and I think He has, I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know I am right because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God. I have told them that a house divided against itself can not stand, and Christ and reason say the same thing; and they will find it so. Douglas doesn't care whether slavery is voted up or voted down, but God cares and humanity cares, and I care; and with God's help I shall not fail. I may not see the end, but it will come and I shall be vindicated; and these men will find that they have not read their Bibles aright.

THE FAREWELL ADDRESS AT SPRINGFIELD

My Friends: No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I can not succeed. With that assistance, I can not fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

LITTLE BLOSSOM AND PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

This story probably better than any other, illustrates the noble and sublime qualities of our great Lincoln. It is a forceful illustration of his justice—justice tempered with mercy.

"Well, my child," he said, in his pleasant, cheerful tone, "what do you want so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, please," faltered Blossom.

"Bennie? Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh, yes;" and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost for his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom, gravely: "but poor Bennie was so tired and Jemmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmie's night, not his; but Jemmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was tired, too!"

"What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand," and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at what seemed to be a justification of an offense.

Blossom went to him; he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder and turned up the pale, anxious face toward his. How tall he seemed! and he was the President of the United States, too. But Blossom told her simple and straightforward story, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines and rang his bell.

Blossom heard this order given: "Send this dispatch at once."

The President then turned to the girl and said: "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back—or wait until tomorrow. Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir," said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the request?

Two days after this interview the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private office and a strap fastened upon his shoulder. Mr. Lincoln then said: "The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage and die for the act so uncomplainingly deserves well of his country." Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their green mountain home. A crowd gathered at the Mill depot to welcome them back; and as Farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say fervently: "The Lord be praised!"

HOW THEY SANG THE "STAR SPANGLED BANNER" WHEN LINCOLN WAS INAUGURATED.

Thomas Nast, of Harper's Weekly.

I was in Washington a few days prior to the inauguration of Lincoln in 1861, having been sent by the Harpers to take sketches when that event should come off. I did nothing but walk around the city and feel the public pulse, so to speak. There was no necessity of saying anything to anybody. You intuitively recognized that trouble was brewing. Many people had sworn that Lincoln should not be inaugurated. Their utterances had fired the Northern heart, and the people loyal to the old flag were just as determined that the lawfully elected President should be inaugurated, though blood should flow in the attempt.

It was an awful time. People looked different then than they do now. Little knots of men could be seen conversing together in whispers on street corners, and even the whispers ceased when a person unknown to them approached. Everybody seemed to suspect everyone else. Women looked askance at each other, and children obliged to be out would scurry home as if frightened, probably having been given warning by the parents.

The streets at night, for several nights prior to the inaugural ceremonies, were practically deserted. There was a hush over everything. It seemed to me that the shadow of death was hovering near. I had constantly floating before my eyes sable plumes and trappings of woe. I could hear dirges constantly and thought for a while that I would have to leave the place or go crazy.

I knew that all these somber thoughts were but imagination, but I also knew that the something which had influenced my imagination was tangible—really existed.

The 4th of March came and Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated quietly and without ostentation. After the services were over and it became known that Mr. Lincoln had really been inducted into office there was a savage snarl went up from the disaffected ones.

The snarl was infectious.

It was answered by just as savage growls all over the city. But nothing was said. A single yell of defiance, a pistol-shot, or even an oath would have precipitated a conflict.

Men simply glared at each other and gnashed their teeth, but were careful not to grit them so it could be heard. I went to my room in the Willard and sat down to do some work. I couldn't work. The stillness was oppressive.

At least a dozen times I picked up my pencils, only to throw them down again. I got up and paced the floor nervously. I heard men on either side of me doing the same thing. Walking didn't relieve the severe mental strain. I sat down in my chair and pressed my head in my hands.



VIEW SHOWING MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG.

The statue in the foreground is that of the Seventh West Virginia Infantry, which occupied this prominent position in the battle on July 2nd and 3rd. The tall shaft to the left is the New York State Monument and only a stone's throw from it, farther to the left, is the National Monument on which spot Mr. Lincoln delivered the famous address on November 19th, 1863.

Suddenly I heard a window go up and some one step out on the balcony of the Ebbitt House, directly opposite. Everybody in the hotel had heard him.

• What is he going to do? I asked myself, and I suppose everyone else propounded the same mental interrogation.

We hadn't to wait long.

He began to sing the Star-Spangled Banner in a clear strong voice.

The effect was magical, electrical. On window went up, and another, and heads popped out all over the neighborhood. People began to stir on the streets. A crowd soon gathered. The grand old song was taken up and sung by thousands.

The spell was broken, and when the song was finished tongues were loosened, and cheer after cheer rent the air.

The man rooming next to me rapped on my door and insisted that I should take a walk with him. As we passed along the corridors we were joined by others, men wild with joy, some of them weeping and throwing their arms around each other's neck.

Others were singing and all were happy.

Washington was itself again. The "Star-Spangled Banner" had saved it.

THE SECOND INAUGURAL.

[Abraham Lincoln, at Washington, March 4, 1865.]



FELLOW COUNTRYMEN: At this second appearance to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this, four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it; all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide the effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the

nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish; and the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the War. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest, was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union even by war, while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an earlier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding.

Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offenses which in the providence of God must needs come, but which having continued through His appointed time He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope,—fervently do we pray,—that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword,—as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right,—let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the Nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

Of the Second Inaugural, Lincoln himself, whose judgment was biased by no petty vanity of authorship, spoke of it in these terms: "I expect it to wear as well as—perhaps better than—anything I have produced; but I believe it is not immediately popular. Men are not flattered by being shown that there has been a difference of purpose between the Almighty and them. To deny it, however, in this case it to deny that there is a God governing the world. It is a truth which I thought

needed to be told; and as whatever of humiliation there is in it falls most directly on myself, I thought others might afford for me to tell it." (Morse, Abraham Lincoln, II, pp. 314-15.)

LINCOLN'S DEATH.

Five weeks after the second inaugural address, in April, 1865, the Confederate army surrendered. The four years of sadness, bloodshed, devastation and sorrow were ended. Now, to this over-burdened man peace would take the place of pain and rest would come instead of pressure, but at this very moment of the nation's triumph, rejoicing was turned to grief, for, while seeking recreation at Ford's Theatre, Lincoln was shot by John Wilkes Booth, who, with others, had formed a plot for the assassination of the President, Vice-President, and leading members of the cabinet.

Kind arms bore the loved the honored President to a friend's house, and kind hearts, who had aided with sympathy and counsel during the long, sad years, watched by the bedside through the night until the morning when that noblest of all hearts ceased to beat.

Messages of sorrow and sympathy came from all the world to the sorrowing nation, to a nation who each year more deeply reveres the memory of him whose legacy was peace to his country, liberty to the enslaved, and an inspiring example of patriotism to the world.

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God didst bear
The sword of power, a nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free:
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of Right.

—Wm. Cullen Bryant.

RECITATION—O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

BY WALT WHITMAN.

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
 The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.

But, O heart! heart! heart! O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my captain lies Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
 Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning.

Here, Captain! dear father! This arm beneath your head!
 It is some dream that on the deck You're fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
 The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells! But I with mournful tread
 Walk the deck—my Captain lies Fallen cold and dead.

YOUR MISSION.

One of Lincoln's Favorite Songs.

(May be sung to the tune, "Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing.")

If you cannot on the ocean
 Sail among the swiftest fleet,
 Rocking on the highest billows,
 Laughing at the storms you meet,
 You can stand among the sailors,
 Anchored yet within the bay,
 You can lend a hand to help them,
 As they launch their boats away.

* * * * *

If you cannot in the conflict
 Prove yourself a soldier true,
 If where fire and smoke are thickest,
 There's no work for you to do,
 When the battlefield is silent,
 You can go with careful tread,
 You can bear away the wounded,
 You can cover up the dead.



WILLIAM H. SEWARD
Secretary of State



SALMON P. CHASE
Secretary of the
Treasury



ABRAHAM LINCOLN



EDWIN M. STANTON
Secretary of War



GIDEON WELLES
Secretary of the
Navy



CALEB B. SMITH
Secretary of the
Interior



EDWARD BATES
Attorney
General



MONTGOMERY BLAIR
Postmaster
General

LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET.

Used by courtesy of the New York Department of Education.

Do not then stand idly waiting
 For some greater work to do;
 Fortune is a lazy goddess
 She will never come to you.
 Go and toil in any vineyard,
 Do not fear to do or dare;
 If you want a field of labor,
 You can find it everywhere.

LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEM.

Below will be found the first and last stanza of Lincoln's favorite poem, "O Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?"

O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
 Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
 A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
 He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

* * * * *

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
 From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
 From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,—
 O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

A TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN'S MEMORY.

BY DENNIS B. DORSEY.

Slowly we come to learn thy worth,
 Oh, genial man! oh, modest sage!
 Slowly we come to see we've lost
 The grandest spirit of the age.

So near we felt the loving heart,
 Gentle and warm tow'r'd all mankind,
 We ne'er looked up to see ourselves
 O'ershadowed by the mighty mind.

Now scarce we know which we most miss,
 The leader's mind or brother's heart;
 And scarce we know which most we prize,
 The brother's love or leader's art.

The world with us will prize them both;
 To us alone they were not given;

Like light and air, to all mankind,
They were a common gift of Heaven.

Not we alone thy death deplored,
Not we alone thy absence weep;
The world through all the ages hence
Thy name shall love, thy fame shall keep.

LINCOLN'S INVOLUNTARY VERSE.

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray,
That this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away.
Yet, if God wills,
That it continue until"

—*From Second Inaugural.*



Edward Everett Hale is one of twenty-four eminent Boston clergymen who spoke on the death of Lincoln. He said, "I dare not trust myself to speak a word regarding this simple, godly, great man, who in a moment has been called from the rule over a few cities to be master over many things in that higher service where he enters into the joy of his Lord. To speak of him I must seek some other hour. Our lesson for to-day is that the Kingdom of God comes, and is eternal. . . . The President may be killed to-morrow, and his successor, and his; but the republic lives! While it seeks to do God's will, to will and to do of His good pleasure, He works with it, and gives it immortality."

Henry Ward Beecher, speaking from his pulpit, said, "Men will receive a new impulse of patriotism for his sake, and will guard with zeal the whole country which he loved so well—I swear *you*, on the altar of his memory, to be more faithful to the country for which he perished. They will admire and imitate the firmness of this man, his inflexible conscience for the right; yet his gentleness, as tender as a woman's, his moderation, which not all the heat of party could inflame, nor all the jars and disturbances of this country shake out of its place—I swear *you* to an emulation of his justice, his moderation and his mercy."

At the final obsequies in Springfield, Bishop Simpson, who had also had part in the services at Washington, said, "It was not, however, chiefly by his mental faculties that he gained such control over mankind. His moral power gave him pre-eminence. The convictions of men that Abraham Lincoln was an honest man led them to yield to his guidance. As has been said of Cobden, whom he greatly resembled, he made all men feel a sense of himself—a recognition of individuality—a self-relying power. They saw in him a man whom they believed would do what is right, regardless of all consequences. It was this moral feeling which gave him the greatest hold on the people and made his utterances almost oracular."

Ralph Waldo Emerson said, "Lincoln is the true history of the American people in his time. Step by step he walked before them; slow with their slowness, quickening his march by theirs; the true representative of this continent; an entirely public man; father of his country, the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue."

Previous to the war Edwin M. Stanton had been an ardent Democrat and he had opposed Lincoln in some very bitter speeches. But he was in favor of maintaining the Union, and much to the surprise of the country, Mr. Lincoln called him to his Cabinet, in 1862. Here as Secretary of War he was a bulwark against the numerous influences that appealed to Lincoln's sympathy, and which if allowed to control, would have been disastrous to the Union cause. In the little group which stood around Lincoln's dying bed on the morning of April 15, 1865, was Mr. Stanton. When the great President had breathed his last, Mr. Stanton broke the stillness of that sad room by exclaiming, "Now he belongs to the ages!"

WHAT PRESIDENTS HAVE SAID OF LINCOLN.

"The grief of the nation is still fresh. It finds some solace in the consideration that he lived to enjoy the highest proof of its confidence by entering on the renewed term of the Chief Magistracy to which he has been elected." *Johnson*

"A man of great ability, pure patriotism, unselfish nature, full of forgiveness to his enemies, bearing malice toward none, he proved to be the man above all others for the great struggle through which the nation

had to pass to place itself among the greatest in the family of nations."

Grant

"To him, more than to any other man, the cause of the Union and liberty is indebted for its final triumph."

Hayes.

'He was one of the few rulers whose wisdom increased with his power, and whose spirit grew gentler and tenderer as his triumphs were multiplied.'

Garfield

"A supremely great and good man."

Cleveland

"In the broad common-sense way in which he did small things, he was larger than any situation in which life had placed him."

Harrison

"The story of this simple life is the story of a plain, honest, manly citizen, true patriot, and profound statesman, who believing with all the strength of his mighty soul in the institutions of his country, won because of them the highest place in its government,—then fell a precious sacrifice to the Union he held so dear, which Providence had spared his life long enough to save."

McKinley

"Nothing was more noteworthy in all of Lincoln's character than the way in which he combined fealty to the loftiest ideal with a thoroughly practical capacity to achieve that ideal by practical methods. He did not war with phantoms; he did not struggle among the clouds; he faced facts; he endeavored to get the best results he could out of the warring forces with which he had to deal."

Roosevelt

"Certain it is that we have never had a man in public life whose sense of duty was stronger, whose bearing toward those with whom he came in contact, whether his friends or political opponents, was characterized by a greater sense of fairness than Abraham Lincoln."

President-Elect Taft.

ANECDOTES OF LINCOLN.

One of the numerous paymasters at Washington sought an introduction to Mr. Lincoln. He arrived at the White House quite opportunely, and was introduced to the President by the United States Marshal with his blandest smile. While shaking hands with the President, the paymaster remarked, "I have no official business with you, Mr. President; I only called to pay my compliments." "I understand," replied "honest Abe;" "and from the complaints of the soldiers, I think that is all you do pay."

Gen. Horace Porter, in his eulogy of Abraham Lincoln, said that the great war President wasn't much as a champagne drinker. The General recalled a visit of Mr. Lincoln to City Point. On his arrival the General said that Mr. Lincoln was suffering from the gastronomic disturbances incident to most folks who have sailed on rough water. "A young staff officer, very previous, he was," said the General, "grabbed a bottle of champagne and thrust it toward Mr. Lincoln, saying that that was the very thing he needed. 'No, young man,' Mr. Lincoln said, 'I have seen too many fellows seasick ashore from drinking that very article.'"

As soon as the West Virginia State bill passed Congress, Mr. Carlisle, true to his purpose, went at once to the President. "Now, Mr. Lincoln,"

said he, "you must veto that bill." "Well," said the honest president, with just the least bit in the world of humor, "I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll split the difference and say *nothing* about it."

Judge Baldwin, an old and highly respectable gentleman, solicited a pass outside the Union lines to see a brother in Virginia, but being refused, finally obtained an interview with Lincoln and stated his case. "Have you applied to General Halleck?" inquired the President. "And met with a flat refusal," said Judge B. "Then you must see Stanton," continued the President. "I have, and with the same result," was the reply. "Well, then," said the President with a smile of good humor, "I can do nothing, for you must know that I have very *little influence with this Administration!*"

During a conversation on the approaching election, in 1864, a gentleman remarked to President Lincoln that nothing could defeat him but Grant's capture of Richmond, to be followed by his nomination at Chicago and acceptance. "Well," said the President, "I feel very much like the man who said he didn't want to die particularly, but if he had got to die, that was precisely the disease he would like to die of."

The President telegraphed to General Hooker in 1863 in the following words: "If the head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg, and the tail of it on the plank road between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the animal must be slim somewhere. Could you not break him?"

In a speech during the campaign for his re-election, Mr. Lincoln spoke as follows: "I have not permitted myself, gentlemen, to conclude that I am the best man in the country (for President); but I am reminded in this connection of a story of an old Dutch farmer who remarked to a companion once that 'it was not best to swap horses while crossing a stream.' "

It is related that a gentleman from a Northern city entered Mr. Lincoln's private office in the spring of 1862, and earnestly requested a pass to Richmond. "A pass to Richmond!" exclaimed the President. "Why, my dear sir, if I should give you one it would do you no good. You may think it very strange, but there's a lot of fellows between here and Richmond who either can't read or are prejudiced against every man who totes a pass from me. I have given McClellan and more than 200 other passes to Richmond, and not one of them has yet gotten there!"

At a levee at the White House, during President Lincoln's term, the Russian Ambassador told talking to the President when the President asked him this question: "Would you have taken me for an American if you had met me anywhere else than in this country?"

"No," said the distinguished monarchite, who, like old Abe, was a bit of a wag. "I should have taken you for a Pole."

"So I am" exclaimed the President, straightening himself up to his full altitude, "and a Liberty Pole at that!"

Note.—The anecdote may be made a part of the quotation exercise.

THE LINCOLN ANNIVERSARY.

Never before in American history has there been such a celebration as that of February 12 will be. Every city in the land will officially celebrate, but New York will lead all the rest and set the pace, under the lead of ex-State Superintendent Charles R. Skinner. The order of exercises there is given as a suggestion:—

8 a. m.—National salute from all the forts in the harbor and from all battleships in port.

10:30 a. m. to 12 m.—Exercises in all the 561 schoolhouses of the city, and in all private and parochial schools, orphan asylums, protectories, etc.

12 m.—In each classroom or school or institution a selected pupil will recite "The Gettysburg Address" preceded by a short historical statement leading up to the preparation of the address. The Gettysburg address will also be read at every army post, and aboard every ship of war, and at every American embassy and consulate and at every federal building the flag will be dipped for an hour at midday. At noon the wheels on all the railroad and traction lines and in every mill and factory in the country will be stopped for three minutes.

At 2 p. m.—Address by Rev. Lyman Abbott at Cooper Institute, where Lincoln delivered his celebrated address in 1860 which did so much to secure his nomination for president.

8 p. m.—Public exercises at all the armories of the city, presided over by the colonels of the regiments, with regimental music, prayer, and benediction by the regimental chaplain, and an oration by an invited speaker.

Public exercises at Carnegie hall, College of the City of New York, with oration and singing by singing societies. It is hoped that President Taft and Governor Hughes will speak at Carnegie hall.

Public exercises in forty-six public schools in centres of the forty-six school districts of the various boroughs of the city for adults. Members of the board of education will preside at these meetings. There will be a chorus of school children at each meeting, reading of Whitman's "O Captain, My Captain," and an address by an invited speaker.—*Journal of Education*.

Numerous celebrations will occur throughout the land on February twelfth in commemoration of the Lincoln centenary and in some places the occasion will be a notable one. At Lincoln's birth place in Kentucky, the corner stone of a fine memorial hall enclosing the log-cabin in which Lincoln was born, will be laid and President Roosevelt will deliver the address.

It is announced that in New York a half million dollars is to be raised to endow the Lincoln Hospital and Home as a perpetual monument to Abraham Lincoln. Formal announcement of this beneficent movement was made recently at the graduating exercises of the Training School for Nurses of that institution.

*LINCOLN DAY PROCLAMATION (1906)**Gov. Curtis Guild, Jr.*

On the 12th day of February, ninety-seven years ago, there was born in a home of poverty, in Kentucky, a boy destined to share with George Washington the first place in the hearts of Americans.

The General Court has determined, and wisely, that the anniversary of an event so auspicious should no longer remain unrecognized by this Commonwealth. By virtue of the authority vested in me by Chapter 328 of the Acts of 1905. I therefore declare and proclaim February 12th Lincoln Day, and urge upon the people of the Commonwealth the consideration and commemoration of the life and services of Abraham Lincoln.

The hour of Lincoln's birth is unknown. I suggest that at twenty-two minutes past seven in the morning, the hour of his death, the tolling of a passing bell remind us that at that hour the United States lost the brave, patient soul that would have carried our country in safety and honor through reconstruction, as it carried it in safety and honor through war.

Let the children in our schools, the children whom Lincoln loved so well, come to their places in the morning only. Let them welcome to their school homes the survivors of the Grand Army that made the Federation a Nation. Let the children hear the words spoken at Gettysburg and the Emancipation Proclamation, and let them join with those living of Lincoln's soldiers in singing the Star Spangled Banner and The Battle Hymn of the Republic.

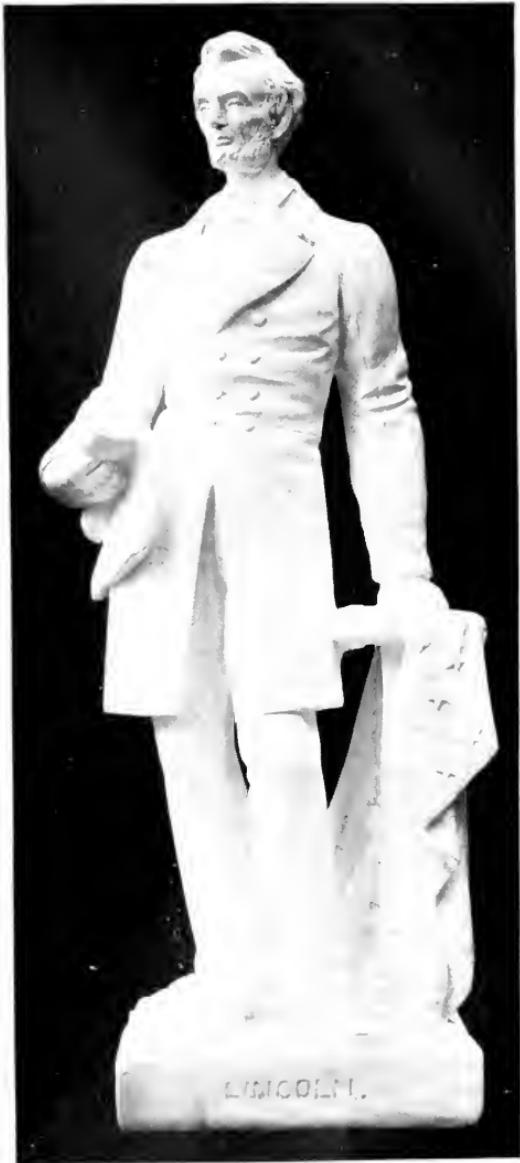
Let the National colors be displayed from sunrise to sunset from the liberty pole, the public building and the home. Let cannon at mid-day fire the National salute. Let our merchants and employers of labor close their places of business as generally as possible during the noon hour. Let such churches as may be flung open, that those who wish to worship may enter. Finally, may all men on Lincoln Day, wherever noon overtakes them, pause for one passing moment and give thanks to God who, having sent us the Founder of our Liberties, sent us again in our hour of need a Savior of the Nation.

TEACHING PATRIOTISM IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Ye who love the Republic, remember the claim,
Ye owe to her fortunes, ye owe to her name,
To her years of prosperity past and in store,—
A hundred behind you, a thousand before!

Chorus:

"Tis the school-house that stands by the flag;
Let the nation stand by the school!
"Tis the school bell that rings for our Liberty old,
"Tis the school boy whose ballot shall rule.



He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame.
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

Courtesy Houghton, Mifflin and Co., Boston.

The blue arch above us is Liberty's dome,
 The green fields beneath us Equality's home;
 But the school-room to-day is Humanity's friend,—
 Let the people the flag and the school-room defend!

—Hezekiah Butterworth.



"I pledge allegiance to my Flag and to the Republic for which it stands: One Nation indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all."

LINCOLN AND DARWIN.

The twelfth day of February, 1809, was a memorable one for the world, for into it on that day were born two of the foremost men of the last century, Abraham Lincoln and Charles Darwin. There could be no more striking contrast than in the careers of these two men. One led a quiet and secluded existence; the other a life of action in the glare of publicity. One came from a distinguished ancestry; the other from almost unknown stock. The coincidence of their birth is the sole fact which at first thought connects them in our minds. Yet there is a certain similarity in their lives which the antithesis of their outer experiences only sets in higher relief.

The story of the boyhood and youth of Lincoln is familiar to every American child. Born in a miserable log-cabin in the newness of Kentucky; accompanying his parents in their frequent journeys in the effort to find a better livelihood; gaining the scant rudiments of knowledge by the fireplace on a winter's evening, with the hearthstones for slate and a bit of charcoal for pencil; equal to the severest feats of manual

labor as a young man and respected by his neighbors for his physical strength and courage; borrowing and eagerly reading books of instruction; finding by degrees an opening into politics and law; and finally receiving the gift of the place of highest usefulness, he stood at last in that most difficult position to which any man has ever been called, at the head of a great nation in civil conflict.

His last years were full of burdens and heavy griefs, and the ended war was closely followed by his most untimely death. While the nation still needed it sorely, that gentle and heroic life was cut down, and he who had spared no service was not spared.

During the years that Lincoln, hidden from the sight of all but a few ignorant neighbors (afterward famed for their knowledge of him), was struggling towards his unknown goal, the young Charles Darwin, in beautiful England, in his father's home at Shrewsbury, was also approaching manhood. With all the professions open to him, he showed an inclination to none of them. The schools of that day, chiefly of the classical order, had no attractions for him. He was fond of outdoor sports, and showed an intense love for such biological studies as he was enabled to pursue at Cambridge. And yet, so little did he dream of what his lifework was to be, that he contemplated entering the ministry of the Church of England, and made some progress in preparing for it. With much effort he succeeded in taking a degree at Cambridge, and soon thereafter, being recommended by one of his professors, was offered the position of naturalist on board a steamer bound for a five years' trip around the coast of South America. All thought of the clergy was abandoned. His eyes were suddenly and joyfully opened to the future before him. He saw in the realm of biological science the field of usefulness which he had longed for, and his perplexities were put at rest.

There is a curious parallelism in the case of human bondage. It was claimed that the abolition of slavery would mean the ruin of the South. And precisely the reverse was true. Instead of killing all industries, the removal of slavery remodeled and improved them. It reorganized labor, and saved the South from commercial stagnation; for no industries in a slave community can compete with those carried on by free labor. Most of all, the removal of slavery meant the uplifting of millions of human beings, not suddenly, but through the slow process by which all advancement must be attained.

Though the present day finds us not yet on the uplands, we are nearer than we were, and for this we have to thank, among many other heaven-sent guides, Abraham Lincoln and Charles Darwin. Lincoln struck away the shackles from the slave. Darwin broke the chains of superstition that held the mind in bondage. Lincoln lifted the heart of all mankind to higher conceptions of justice and brotherhood. Darwin lifted the mind from hopeless error to nobler conception of the universe and man's destiny. The moral daring of the liberator and the intellectual courage of the philosopher achieved results among the greatest bequeathed us by the nineteenth century.

The crowning work in the life of each was the result of some twenty years of study along that special line. In 1837 Darwin first began to see some light upon the problem of the origin of species. With a "work-

ing hypothesis" in mind, and with almost incredible patience, he observed in both the plant and animal worlds the limitless variations and adaptations of nature. Every possible objection to his theory he committed to writing as soon as it occurred to him, and if possible found its solution. He evaded nothing, but met fairly every perplexing fact and allowed it due weight. When, in 1869, he gave the result to the world in his masterly volume, "Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection," few if any criticisms of value were made against the theory which he had not foreseen and at least in some degree dealt with.

As Lincoln alone can be placed beside Washington in his work for the advancing of liberty and the human race, so Darwin alone can be placed beside Newton, that mighty intellect of the world, in his work for the advancement of knowledge. There should be no attempts to invest the memory of either with unreal virtues. We would know each as he was, without a halo, as both, haters of all deception, would have wished. Both made mistakes. Lincoln's idea of Negro colonization was extremely visionary, and historians will no doubt always disagree as to the wisdom of his course respecting various events. Darwin's pangenesis theory was wildly hypothetical, and some of his deductions are found to be in error, while others are still in question among biologists. Errors of this description, however, do not lessen our reverence and gratitude, nor should they. Reverence for greatness is one of the uplifting forces of the world. Revering the almost divine patience with which Lincoln went through the days of storm and stress, we revere it anew in the long years of suffering and toil which Darwin so cheerfully underwent. Admiring the total indifference to fame which Lincoln displayed, we admire it again in Darwin, whose labor was wholly a labor of love for scientific truth. Touched by Lincoln's tireless sympathy and kindness, we likewise treasure in our thoughts the gentleness of Darwin.

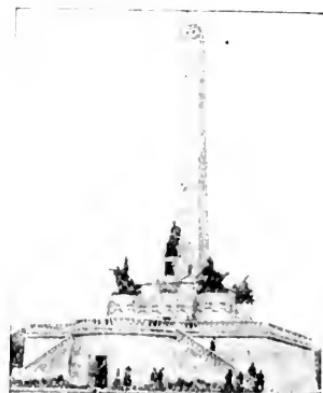
On the day of their birth these two were sundered apparently as far by heritage, environment, and destiny as by the ocean that rolled between them. Yet they had more in common than the primal virtues of courage and honesty which we find in all great men. And for what they were, as well as for what they achieved, the world will forever love the memory of the American of Americans and of the Sage of Down.

Courtesy The World's Work, issue of Jan., 1909.

In view of the awakened interest in Darwin's theories and their acceptance in a modified form by the scientists of today, the following paragraphs are interesting. He says,

"I have almost always been treated honestly by my reviewers, passing over those without scientific knowledge as not worthy of notice. My views have often been grossly misrepresented, bitterly opposed and ridiculed, but this has been generally done, as I believe, in good faith. On the whole I do not doubt that my works have been over and over again greatly over-praised. I rejoice that I have avoided controversies, and this I owe to Lyell, who many years ago, in reference to my geological works, strongly advised me never to get entangled in a controversy, as it rarely did any good and caused a miserable loss of time and temper.

Whenever I have found out that I have blundered, or that my work has been imperfect, and when I have been contemptuously criticised, and even when I have been over-praised, so that I have felt mortified, it has been my greatest comfort to say hundreds of times to myself that "I have worked as hard and as well as I could, and no man can do more than this." I remember when in Good Success Bay, in Tierra del Fuego, thinking (and, I believe, that I wrote home to the effect) that I could not employ my life better than in adding a little to natural science. This I have done to the best of my abilities, and critics may say what they like, but they cannot destroy this conviction."—*From Historic Characters.*



LINCOLN MONUMENT, SPRINGFIELD, ILLS.

"There is no prouder grave
Even in our own proud clime,
We tell thy doom without a sigh,
For thou art Freedom's now and Fame's
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

THE ANNIVERSARY YEAR.

Used by courtesy of the editor of The Outlook.

The series of centennial anniversaries which will mark the year 1909 is so remarkable, in range of genius, quality of achievement, and nobility of character, that it can hardly fail sensibly to affect the thoughts of English-speaking peoples in all parts of the world. These anniversaries will celebrate the birth of Chopin, Mendelssohn, Poe, Tennyson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Gladstone, Abraham Lincoln and Darwin.

Dr. Jowett held that the best way to teach ethics is by biography; he might have added that the most effective way of making men see the spiritual possibilities of life is by bringing within their vision the achievements of men of genius. The nineteenth century was regarded by a host of people as incarnating the spirit of commercialism and as the most materialistic period in the life of humanity. A glance at the list of men who were born in 1809 and the most hurried survey of what they were, what they did, and what they said, shows how partial that judgment was. In 1851 the first World's Fair was opened in London, and Macaulay was celebrating the inventive genius of man. In May Macaulay wrote: "I made my way into the building; a most gorgeous sight; vast; graceful; beyond the dreams of the Arabian romances. I cannot think that the Cæsars ever exhibited a more splendid spectacle. I was quite dazzled. I felt as I did on entering St. Peter's." In October he wrote: "As the Exhibition is drawing to a close the crowd becomes greater and greater. Yesterday I let my servants go for the last time. I shall go no more. Alas! Alas! It was a glorious sight!" Carlyle, on the other hand, was denouncing the worship of machinery and the appearance in London of all manner of strange folk. "Crystal Palace—bless the mark!—is fast getting ready," he wrote in April, 1851, "and bearded figures already grow frequent on the streets; all nations crowding to us with their so-called industry or ostentatious brothery." Alfred Tennyson had just published "In Memoriam," one of the foremost documents in the spiritual history of man; an interpretation, at once fearless and reverent, of the great issues of life as they presented themselves to a poet who had surveyed the whole field of knowledge and had felt the full force of scientific discovery.

The nineteenth century was notably rich in great composers; among them Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann, Schubert, and Wagner. In his own field and in his own form, composition for the piano, Chopin was as much a master as any of them. To him belongs the distinction of the man who creates the form in which he works. His command of musical expression showed him the perfect artist; while the delicacy, subtlety, and power which he displayed in the form which he made his own are brought out only when a virtuoso of the first rank, like Paderewski, interprets him on the piano. It has been the misfortune of Mendelssohn, who was also born in 1809, and of Chopin to have their work blurred by an almost incredible amount of untrained and immature interpretation. Both musicians have suffered severely at the hands of young pianists in the

earlier and often in the latter stages of their training, and both have survived. The reaction that followed the immense popularity of Mendelssohn has been succeeded by a more adequate appreciation of his exquisite sense of melody. Both Chopin and Mendelssohn were artists in their sensitiveness to beauty and their command of the technique of their work.

While it is true that the work of Edgar Allan Poe shows neither greatness of thought nor mastery of the spiritual life, it does show a highly individual and distinctive genius; the genius of a writer whose misfortunes were due to a weakness of will and an abnormal physical sensitiveness which threw his life into confusion, limited the quantity and, many times, the quality of his work, made him the prey of injudicious and unfriendly biographers, and the victim of a long line of critics who suffered themselves to be diverted by the facts of his life from a just estimate of his literary achievements. Poe cannot be characterized in a phrase; it is enough here to emphasize the fact that his work is as free from the touch of commercialism, from the vulgar worship of success, as Tennyson's; that not a line that came from his pen need be erased as a matter of moral health, and that in three different fields his achievements, though not of the highest order, stand in a class by themselves.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, his contemporary, was the embodiment of the Brahmin spirit of old New England, and the incarnation of old Boston, with his four-o'clock-in-the-morning wit, the ready and kindly sentiment which made him a poet of occasions whose verse rose above the level of occasional poetry; a wit whose arrows were never poisoned; a psychologist who did not drain life of its faith in itself, but who knew that there were experiences and emotions which were beyond the specialized instruments of analysis; and a talker who belongs with the most vivacious and gifted men of his time. It is a small matter that he was quite conscious of his own charm. The touch of vanity in him gave his personality a certain piquancy. "I hear" he said to a friend not many months before his death, "that everybody is saying that I am a spoiled old man. What difference does it make if you are spoiled after you are eighty?"

The greatest of this little group of poets, a master, like Poe, of the music of words, lacking the wit and vivacity of Holmes, but strong alike as a thinker and an artist, Alfred Tennyson will probably continue to dominate the English poetry of the latter half of the nineteenth century, and be accepted by posterity, as he is by readers of to-day, as in a very true sense *the Victorian poet*, representing and expressing the spirit of his age with unsurpassed clearness and beauty. While England was rushing along on the path of industrial development with tumultuous energy, Alfred Tennyson led the life of a man of letters with a dignity, independence, and clear vision of the real values of life which neither the great successes of his time, nor its tumult, disturbed. Not only his work, but his life, were of inestimable value to the whole English-speaking world. Like Milton, he used the gift of music, not to put men to sleep or to lull them into Indolence, but to energize and stimulate them; and his career, so unlike Milton's, though not less noble, was a silent protest, against greed, ambition, and commonness.

Two great names star the public life of the English-speaking world in the nineteenth century. Rich as it was in statesmen, England produced no personality dealing with public affairs of greater gift or purity than Mr. Gladstone; and in this country none so masterful in knowledge of his countrymen and sagacity in directing great movements, so dear to the hearts of the people, as Abraham Lincoln. There could not be greater contrast of human condition than that which exists between these two men.

Gladstone was born in the most fortunate circumstances, in an old and cultivated society, with all the means of personal enrichment and all the avenues of culture open to him; a student of Oxford at a time when the university was deeply moved by the presence of great teachers; taking up English public affairs on the eve of a great expansion of national life; called again and again to be a leader in the movement for political liberation; fiercely combatted, bitterly criticised, but always recognized as a man of unique personality; eager, impetuous, ardent alike in the pursuit of knowledge and of the good of his fellows. Lord Salisbury summed up the opinion of England when he described Gladstone as "a great Christian."

The life and work of Lincoln will soon be commemorated with such deep emotions of admiration and gratitude in all parts of the continent that it is sufficient here to recall the bleak surroundings of his childhood, the narrow conditions of his youth, the limitations of his educational opportunity, the absence from his career of all circumstances and conditions which make success easy, his wonderful self-education, and the transformation of the self taught lawyer of the old frontier into one of the heroes of humanity.

Two hundred years hence it is probable that no name in the nineteenth century will mean more than that of Charles Darwin, the man of an age whose chief characteristic was its immense scientific activity and achievement. Now that the fear of the influence of science has passed from the minds of religious people and that "The Origin of Species" is read neither with amusement nor fear, but with intelligence, Charles Darwin stands out as the almost ideal seeker after truth; patient, tireless, teachable; ready to follow wherever the fact led without regard to his theories—one who not only loved truth, but pursued it with indefatigable step through a long and laborious life. It was Charles Darwin's good fortune to come at the exact moment when a great truth had been slowly dawning here and there on a large group of individual minds, to bring that truth into clear light by scientific demonstration, and to live to see it reconstructing or interpreting every department of knowledge and thought.

Surely the year on which we are now entering cannot fail to gain clearer vision of the realities of life and a nobler energy from these great memories.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.
1809-1898.

William Ewart Gladstone, a famous English statesman born in Liverpool, December 29, 1809. He was the fourth son of Sir John Gladstone,

who removed from Glasgow to Liverpool in 1785, made a fortune as a merchant, and was created a baronet in 1846. William went to Eton and to Oxford, where he was graduated in 1831 with the highest honors. The next year he entered Parliament; In 1843 he became president of the board of trade, and after that was almost continuously in office. He was chancellor of the exchequer in 1852-55, in 1859-66, and in 1868-74, and in 1868-74 premier or prime minister. He was chancellor for the fourth time in 1880-82, and premier again in 1880-85, in 1886, and 1892-94. He began his political life as a Tory or Conservative, but in time became a Liberal and introduced many reforms, especially in the government of Ireland. He was offered a peerage, but always declined, preferring to be called the "Great Commoner". Though the most prominent man in politics during this time and being almost continuously in Parliament, he yet found leisure for study and for writing. He contributed much to reviews, and published important books, especially about Homer and his age. He died at his residence, Hawarden Castle, near Chester, when eighty-eight years old, May 19, 1898.

LORD ALFRED TENNYSON.

1809-1892.

Lord Alfred Tennyson, a famous English poet, born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, August 6, 1809. His first poem was published when he was eighteen years old, in a small volume containing also some verses of his brother Charles, called "Poems by Two Brothers." Although he began writing so early, it was not until he was thirty-three that he wrote the "Morte d'Arthur," "Locksley Hall," and the "Two Voices," which caused him to be considered the first poet of the age. In 1850, on the death of Wordsworth, he became poet laureate, or poet for the crown. Tennyson's "Idylls of the King", consisting of nine poems, taken from stories about King Arthur, make together the most beautiful epic which the English language has produced for two hundred years. Tennyson wrote his poems very carefully, and went over them a great many times, changing words and phrases until they were as perfect as he could make them. Among his other works are "In Memoriam," "Maud," "Enoch Arden," and several dramas, among them "Queen Mary," "Harold," "Becket," and "The Foresters." In 1884 he was raised to the peerage as Baron Tennyson of D'Eyncourt. His home in the Isle of Wight is called "Farringford." He died at Aldworth House, near Haslemere, Surrey, when eighty-three years old, October 6, 1892, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

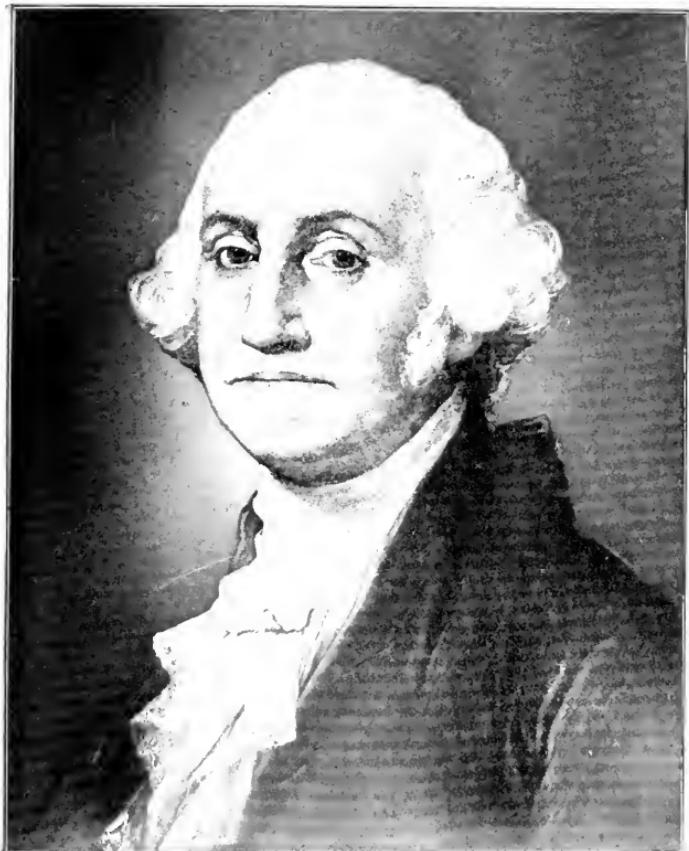
FREDERICK FRANCOIS CHOPIN.

1809-1849.

Frederick Francois Chopin a celebrated Polish composer and pianist, born near Warsaw, March 1, 1809. He wrote much dance music such as mazurkas and polonaises, but also large works for piano and orchestra. He lived in Paris and was long a friend of George Sand. He died in Paris when forty years old, October 17, 1849.



LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.
Statue in New York Harbor presented by France.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.
1809-1847.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, a famous German musician, born in Hamburg, February 3, 1809. His father was named Abraham Mendelssohn, the name Bartholdy, which he added to his own, being that of his wife. The Mendelssohn-Bartholdys were converts from Judaism to Christianity, and their son Felix was brought up in the Lutheran religion. When he was less than six years old he played with great skill on the piano, and when eight he could read the most difficult music, and wrote pieces for the piano and violin. He had a sister Fanny who was also musical, and the two would often play together their own pieces in presence of the visitors who came to their house. The first of his works known to the public was his "Midsummer Night's Dream", his principal other compositions being his oratorios of "Elijah" and "St. Paul", and his charming "Songs without Words". He wrote beautiful letters to his friends, which have been published since his death. The last twelve years of his life were spent at Leipsic, where he died, when thirty-eight years old, November 4, 1847.

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS.

The pleasing custom of observing the birthdays of eminent statesmen and leading authors in our schools has become a very popular and efficient means of bringing before the youth of our State the life, character and writings of some of our greatest Americans. Most of the educational publications of the day have been emphasizing this subject, and the pupils have become more or less familiar with the writings of a number of our best authors. From time to time within the last five years there have been given in the Institute programs, outlines for the observance of birthdays, and we are led to believe that much interest has been awakened in the subject. Not only are we thus calling attention to good literature, but the pupils are learning of the exalted character of those who have given the world some of its best thought.

What a wealth of names worthy of remembrance each year the month of February presents,—Washington, Lincoln, Lowell and Longfellow! The lives and characters of these great Americans cannot be held up too often before our youth as models of excellence. Then, too, all through the school year names and dates will present themselves, and the tact and ingenuity of the teacher will suggest appropriate exercises for each occasion. Our observation is that pupils gladly enter into the spirit of these exercises and are not only willing but anxious to take part therein. Material suitable for these observances will be found in many school periodicals, and various publications will furnish an abundant supply of most excellent sketches and outlines. Do not fail to invite the parents to be present on these birthday occasions, and it would be an excellent plan to have a short address by some prominent citizen in the community. It would not be at all out of place to celebrate the birthday of some leading man or woman of the neighborhood who had been a bene-

factor of the school or who has shown special interest in educational work. Do not let any of these occasions detract from your school work, but rather let them add interest and variety in such degree as will make your teaching more effective.



THE WASHINGTON ELM

This tree still stands at Cambridge, Mass. It is on Garden street, a short distance from the colleges, and is a large, well-preserved tree. An iron fence is built around it, and on a stone in front is the following inscription: "Under this tree George Washington took command of the American Army, July 3, 1775."

Beneath our consecrated elm
A century ago he stood
Famed vaguely for that old fight in the wood
Whose red surge sought, but could not overwhelm
The life foredoomed to wield our rough-hewn helm:

* * * * *

Firmly erect, he towered above them all,
The incarnate discipline that was to free
With iron curb that armed democracy.

—Lowell. "*Under the Old Elm.*"

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Suggestive Program

Song—America.

Reading—Washington's Rules of Conduct.

Recitation—The Twenty-second of February—*William Cullen Bryant*.Recitation—The American Flag—*Joseph Rodman Drake*.

Song—Columbia, The Gem of the Ocean.

Reading—Selection from Edward Everett Hale's "A Man Without a Country."

Exercise—Roll Call Responses—Quotations from Washington.

Song—Selected.

Reading—Washington's Farewell Address.

Short Address.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom from her mountain height,
 Unfurled her standard to the air,
 She tore the azure robe of Night,
 And set the stars of glory there.
 She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
 The milky baldric of the skies,
 And striped its pure celestial white
 With streakings of the mornings' light;
 Then from her mansion in the sun
 She called her eagle-bearer down,
 And gave into his mighty hand
 The symbol of her chosen land.
 Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
 By angel's hands to valor given;
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 Forever float that standard sheet!
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

—*Joseph Rodman Drake*.

TRIBUTE TO WASHINGTON.

[Air: "America."]

Great Washington, to thee,
 Leader of Liberty,
 Our praise is due.
 On thro' thy natal day,
 While love our hearts shall sway,
 We now a tribute pay
 To thee, most true.

We love to speak thy name
And thy great deeds proclaim
By valor won.

We love to gather here
To hold thy memory dear,
Thy glorious name revere,
Great Washington.

—Ada Simpson Sherwood.

A HIGH RESOLVE.

I think I'll be like Washington,
As dignified and wise;
Folks always say a boy can be
A great man if he tries.

And then, perhaps, when I am old,
People will celebrate
The birthday of John Henry Jones.
And I shall live in state.

Faithful boys make faithful men:
I'll always do my best, and then
I'll have a name, when I am old,
Worth more to me than shining gold.

—Selected.

LONGFELLOW'S BIRTHDAY—February 27, 1807.

A Suggestive Program.

1. Song by the School, *The Rainy Day*.
2. Essay, *Longfellow's Prose Works*.
3. Recitation, *The Children's Hour*.
4. Recitation, *The Village Blacksmith*.
5. Solo, *The Arrow and the Song*.
6. Dramatization, *Scenes from Hiawatha*.
7. Chorus by School, *Excelsior*.
8. Recitation, *Paul Revere's Ride*.
9. Recitation, *The Old Clock on the Stairs*.
10. Solo, *the Bridge*.
11. Dramatization, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*.
12. Song by the School.

LONGFELLOW, 1807-1882.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the most popular of our poets, was born at Portland, Maine, in 1807. He graduated at Bowdoin College in the class of 1825, and afterwards, at various times, further enriched his mind by European study and travel. For twenty-five years (1829 to 1854)

he filled a professorship in college, six years in Bowdoin, and nineteen years in Harvard.

He lived at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in an old house once occupied by General Washington as headquarters. To this fact he alludes in his poem, *To a Child*.

Professor Longfellow was twice married. His first wife died at Rotterdam, Holland, in 1835; his second wife was burned to death in 1861, her clothes having accidentally taken fire while sealing an envelope at the flame of a taper.

The following are some of Longfellow's most popular poems: *Evangeline*, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, *Courtship of Miles Standish*, *The Building of the Ship*, *The Old Clock on the Stairs*, *the Santa Filomena*, *The Briar*, *The Builders*, *Resignation*, *The Day is Done*, *The Hanging of the Crane*, and *Morituri Salutamus*.

He also published three popular prose works—*Outre Mer*, *Hyperion*, and *Karanaugh*—and an excellent poetical *Translation of Dante*, with copious notes and commentaries.

Longfellow's chief characteristics are simplicity, grace, and refinement. Of imagination and passion he has but little. He does not often startle his readers by the utterance of a new and striking thought, but he perpetually charms them by presenting the ordinary sentiments of humanity in a new and more attractive garb. He died March 24, 1882. From *Westlake's Common School Literature*, published by the Christopher Sower Company.



THE "CRAIGIE HOUSE," THE LONGFELLOW HOME, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

"Once, ah, once within these walls
One whom memory oft recalls
The Father of his Country dwelt."

*JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL—1819-1891**Suggestive Program.*

1. Song by the School.
2. Sketch of Lowell's Life and Outline of His Works.
3. Recitation: The Fountain.
4. Recitation: The Fatherland.
5. Music.
6. Recitation: The Heritage.
7. Reading: Vision of Sir Launfal. Prelude to Part First.
8. Teacher to explain the Story of the Holy Grail and call attention to Tennyson's treatment of the same subject.
9. Notes on the Biglow Papers.
10. Write brief sketch of Anti-Slavery Leaders.
11. Select Quotations by the School.
12. Song: America.

Biographical.

James Russell Lowell was born at Elmwood, Cambridge, Mass., February 22, 1819. He was the youngest of a family of five, two daughters and three sons. On his father's side he came from a succession of New England men who, for three generations had been in professional life. His mother, Mrs. Harriet Spence Lowell, was of Scotch origin, and was greatly pleased to fancy herself descended from the hero of one of the most famous ballads, 'Sir Patrick Spens,' and she made a genuine link in the Poetic Succession.

His acquaintance with books and his schooling began early. He learned his letters in a dame school and afterwards entered Mr. William Well's classical school, in which he had a thorough drill in Latin. He entered Harvard at the age of fifteen, and soon after his graduation in 1838, began the study of law, but his bent was strongly toward literature.

He and Robert Carter established "The Pioneer," which printed contributions by Hawthorne, Poe, Whittier, and others.

Lowell's ardent nature showed itself in the first series of "The Bigelow Papers," written in a spirit of indignation during the Mexican War. His second series of "The Bigelow Papers," written during the war for the Union, shows vividly his political faith and strong patriotism.

While in Europe, 1851-1852, his wife's health failed, and she died in 1853. In 1855 he was chosen successor to Longfellow as Professor of French and Spanish Languages in Harvard College. In 1857 he was married to Miss Frances Dunlap, who died in England in 1885.

Mr. Lowell spent eight years of his life, 1877-1885, in the foreign service of his country. He died at Elmwood, August 12, 1891.

"And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then if ever come perfect days;

Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays."

—*Sir Launfal.*

"Of all the myriad moods of mind
 That through the soul come thronging,
 What one was e'er so dear, so kind,
 So beautiful, as longing?
 The thing we long for, that we are
 For one transcendent moment,
 Before the present, poor and bare,
 Can make its sneering comment.
 Still through our paltry stir and strife
 Glowed down the wished ideal,
 And Longing moulds in clay what life
 Carves in the marble real.
 To let the new life in, we know,
 Desire must ope the portal;
 Perhaps the longing to be so
 Helps make the soul immortal.

—*Longing.*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A Suggestive Program.

1. Song.
2. Paper—Holmes' Education and Avocations.
3. Recitation—The Last Leaf.
4. Recitation—The Chambered Nautilus.
5. Song—The Star Spangled Banner.
6. Story—How Holmes saved the Old Warship Constitution.
7. Recitation—Old Ironsides.
8. Recitation—The One Hoss Shay.
9. Holmes' Writings.
10. A series of Quotations from Holmes by Pupils of the School.
11. Readings from the *Atlantic Monthly*, which Holmes founded.

A Sketch of Holmes.

Holmes, the wittiest and kindest of the famous group of American men of letters, did "live to be the last on the tree," for when he departed in 1894 there remained none of the six to mourn his loss. He was born of educated parents, had the advantage of good early training, graduated at Harvard University, engaged in the practice of medicine and held the chair of anatomy in Dartmouth College and Harvard University, but later devoted himself to his literary work for which he is principally known. He was the founder of the *Atlantic Monthly*. He was both versatile and brilliant, combined humor with pathos, wrote in prose and verse and everywhere seemed equally at home. The *Autoocrat of the Breakfast Table* in prose and the *Chambered Nautilus* in verse are perhaps the best known and most popular of his works.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

On January 19, 1809, Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston. In the forty years of his life he produced stories, poems and essays which, taken together, make him one of the most remarkable writers of his century. His life was unhappy, broken by poverty and disease, and the clear, delicate finish of his art was an achievement of will and devotion in the face of hard circumstances.

Poe's tales have gone all over the world, and he is one of the acknowledged masters of the short story. He was the father of the detective story, which in ingenuity has never surpassed its originator. His tales of psychological horror, remorse and fear caught the imagination of the public, and have held it through half a century of abundant fiction. There is nothing better of their kind than "William Wilson" and "The Fall of the House of Usher."

Poe's poetry enjoys a distinction which no other American poet has attained in appealing to the general public on the one hand and to the poet and the artist on the other. His "Raven" was reprinted all over America, and some of his lines, such as

The glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome.

are among the familiar great phrases of poetry. Meanwhile he influenced two generations of lyric poets in England and France. It is because of this following of creative appreciators in Europe, such as he has not had in America, that Poe seems less a hero among his countrymen than among foreigners. But Poe has always had hosts of readers in America, and the American editions of his works have been legion.

In criticism he set a new standard of independence at a time when American literary thought was narrow, provincial, and ignorant of the world's literature. The brilliant and versatile mind shines serenely at the end of its first century.

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